

Cowardice and Courage Mingled With Humor and Sentiment.

moment for the words, then plunged on:

Kees me hagin, kees me hagin,
Kees me hagin and hagin,
Kees me hagin, kees me hagin,
Kees me hagin, kees me hagin,
Kees me hagin, kees me hagin,
Kees me, kees me, hagin.

When he had finished Velvet Pants bowed deeply, first to Janey, then to the rest. There was a slight, dubious nod from the girls, and a quickened nod suddenly. Pete High had strode up to Velvet Pants and was facing him. "You ain't a minute there," said Pete. "You ain't no minute there, I bet you to pick. Wadda you mean by singin' a song like that to Miss Crosby?" "The mail has just come and I lied."

"It ces only a song American I know," he said.

"Well, I'll'm'goin' to teach you to sing it out of the other side of your mouth. Come outside with me."

"Pete High," broke in Janey, "don't you go fightin' with him. He didn't mean any harm. He probably doesn't know what the words mean."

"I told him never to say anything

"Pete High!" broke in Janey. "don't you go fighting with him. He didn't know what he was doing. He probably doesn't know what the words mean."

"I told him never to say anything to you, whether he understood it or not," said Pete.

"Velvet Pants made an attempt to steal away, but Pete blocked his path."

"You're going out on the lawn with me," said Pete.

"What?" asked the little man, who seemed somewhat dazed by what was happening.

"Fight!"

"Yes; fight!"

"But I do not hate you, Meester Pete."

"Well, I hate you. Come on!"

"But how we fight?" inquired the little man. He was still with his hat, and trembling. For answer Pete thrust a clenched fist under the man's chin, and the man drew his head back and shivered.

"No!" he said, shaking his head.

Nelvet Pants shrugged his shoulders. "Not know hand-fights," he said. Pete slapped him across the face with his open hand. "You won't fight?" "Now will you fight?" "Not know hand-fights," said the man, drawing away. Pete gave him a push into the night. They heard the sound of feet on the path. Velvet Pants was running. "Not know hand-fights," Pete mimicked. "Did you ever in your life see such a rat?"

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NEXT day excitement swept Crosby Corners. Defender Monarch had gone crazy. He was the pride and the terror of the country. His owner, Ben, had raised him from a gawky calf, wobbly on his legs, into a massive ton-an-a-half bull, with a

chest like a haystack, a voice of thunder and a head that looked like a demon. Ben Crosby had not dreamed him because in cattle shows a good pair of horns is considered a point of merit. He had never seen a bull with a giant bull had won many blue ribbons. On this day Ben Crosby wished most earnestly that he had foregone the usual rule of the rodeo and let horns. A savage bull with a pair of sharp, wicked horns is just about the most dangerous animal that walks. Ben Crosby had never seen a bull named Monarch but he had realized that he had reached the end of his usefulness, and that before very long he was doomed to be killed. He had seen many bulls, steak, roast and stew. He stood in his pasture, looking a challenge to anyone who would dare fight him. By blind luck Ben Crosby was

to trick him into entering the big pen, but in the process Defender had given a sample of his viciousness by ripping at the son's arm from elbow to shoulder and had fallen by a hair's breadth of a sincere attempt to crush the life out of him. Originally, Defender was confined in the pen. Defender Monarch's rage knew no bounds. He hurled himself against the thick bars, crying, "I'm going to break out!" He screamed and trembled, and the crowd that had gathered to see him darted back to places of greater safety.

Defender's pen was a stoutly built affair, it was not really a pen at all, but a small corral, perhaps 50 feet square. About it moved Defender Monarch, his small eyes blazing. Around the perimeter of the corral were wooden ladders, Crosby's Corners, fascinated as all men are by dangerous things, watched the mad king of the hill.

"Isn't he just too terrible," said

Janey Crosby to Pete High.

"Oh, I don't know," answered Pete airily. "I've worked round him often," often."

"But not since he went crazy, Pete."

"No," admitted Pete, "maybe not. I'm used to cattle of all kinds, but I never saw one that acted this way. Just plain bulls. I'm none too fond of fooling with 'em. But a crazy one—excuse me!"

"See how he's looking right at us with those mean little eyes of his," said Janey. "It's just as if he were

"Help! Jim's fallen into the pen!"

"Oh, hell kill her: Hell kill her: Hell kill her!"
 He'll kill her!"
 "Get pitchforks!"
 "Get a gun!"
 "No use. We've only got birdshot. It would just make him madder to hit him with that."
 "Some one will have to jump in!"
 "Where are you running to, Pete High?"
 "To get a rope - or something."
 "You'll be too late!"
 Defender Monarch looked down at the girl and his eyes were evil. Then he saw the ring of white faces that lined the top of the corral. He seemed to understand the situation. He seemed to know that he had plenty of time, and he gloated. He

THE ghastly onlookers became a wretched
beast that something was in the corral
were had come through the gate of the
the inclosure, silently and swiftly. It
was a small man in velvet trousers,
the gate was closed. The man, who
Memarch as casually and placidly as
if the bull were a rosebush.

On the brown horse
the ghastly onlookers became a wretched
beast that something was in the corral
were had come through the gate of the
the inclosure, silently and swiftly. It
was a small man in velvet trousers,
the gate was closed. The man, who
Memarch as casually and placidly as
if the bull were a rosebush.

tanned man on both cheeks, but this he denies. He admits, however, that he "kissed" him and patted him, and said "my husky" and "my little" and admiration to Velvet Pants, who seemed abashed and quite unable to understand what every one was making out of a fuss about him.

"And I called you a coward!" Ben Crosby kept saying. "I called you a coward—and you went in and faced a mad bull!"

"It was nuzzing," murmured the small brown man.

"Nothing to face a mad bull!" Velvet Pants shrugged his shoulders.

"But I am a torador," he said. "In my country—Andalusia—I keel one, two, three every Sunday for fun. Why should I fear bulls? I know bulls!"

BY G. B. WIMSATT.

"And have you no misgivings, your excellency, that the education of

women will threaten the domestic system of the Chinese household." But Tsuchun answered this surprising Chinese statement with a simple reply: "The women as the broadest and most liberal Westerner might have answered. 'High education can harm no one. Learning should be taught to all women should be taught to read, to write, to think, to understand the characters, and should receive in the hands regarding the management of the household. The education and happiness lies in the home, their education in general should tend to make them contented, more helpful and more contented in their life.'"

"Here in Shansi many women are employed in the manufacture of woolen material, in the weaving of woolen material, in the making of military uniforms. We have sent a man from here to Sweden to study the woolen industry there and to adapt them to Shansi. The woolen industry in Tantung the woolen industry has made a good start, and handspun cloth making is already well established. Machine spinning is being introduced. According to the needs of the inhabitants of the mountainous regions as is the case with the article, for a very thick, heavy, warm cloth he kind most wanted here."

"The culture of silk is an industry in which women have been engaged for centuries and it is a well known fact that for our experiments in 1942 this venture has proved so successful that the expansion of the silks that we look forward to the expansion of this industry, so well suited to the talents and abilities of women."

He concluded comfortably practically. Evidently, he was not not to be content with her, but to

"In regard to marriage, I do not comment on the ancient system of the parental selection of the husband for the girl, or say whether I consider it right or wrong. I think, however, that certainly in all cases the parents should try to obtain the girl's consent to the match, and this point I have stressed in speeches and lectures. I am strongly opposed to the system of early marriages and of

"I should like it understood that I am not merely in favor of re-establishing the old customs of the people but that I aim to bring back what is best in the past of the long civilization and combine it with the best of modern developments, whether foreign, uniting the old and the new in one harmonious whole, for the good of the people of Shansi and the welfare of the nation."

Wealth in Cherries.

SOME time ago the Department of Agriculture initiated a special investigation of the pit of the cherry and other waste involved in extracting it from the ripened fruit. It was found that in the commercial end of the business, namely the canning of the fruit for the market, that fully 1,600 tons of pits were thrown away. In addition, more than 100,000 gallons of juice were estimated to have been spilled at each harvest.

If, while canning, there is charge of this branch of the industry, the

Take steps to stop this waste, a very snug sum indeed would be added to their pockets, and the Nation as a whole would be better off.

For the last year I have learned that New York State produced in the year recorded 271,695 bushels; Michigan, 338,945 bushels; Wisconsin, 81,344 bushels, and California, 501,013 bushels of cherries. Yet the pits of these one million bushels added up to over a thousand bushels were a total waste.

Chemists going carefully into the matter have ascertained that the pits, when cracked and crushed, yield a valuable cattle food equivalent to linseed meal. The cracking and crushing is done by hydraulic pressure.

Fatty oil of pleasing flavor is also

thus obtained. This is said to be somewhat similar in flavor to sweet almonds and is a delicacy that human beings can find ample uses for.

Dye—It.

Lady—I'm worried about my complexion, doctor. Look at my face.

Dr. Fill—My dear young lady, you will have to diet.

Lady—I never thought of that.

What color do you think would suit me best?"

YEN HSI SHAN, A CHINAMAN WHO PERSONIFIES THE SPIRIT OF PEACE IN A COUNTRY TORN WITH WARFARE.